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THE CENSUS.

1881.

THE Census of 1881 has been taken, and the result of the labours of the Registrar General and his vast army of enumerators has been embodied in a preliminary Report, which has been presented to Parliament.

The census, as taken nowadays, is a very elaborate and, so far as human ingenuity and patience can make it, a very accurate numbering of the people. The Doomsday Book of William the Conqueror was perhaps the first crude attempt in these islands of keeping a record of the numbers and condition of their inhabitants, and, at best, it was but an imperfect undertaking. It was not until the year 1753 that a formal proposal to take a census was made in the House of Commons, and it was then opposed as a project which had for its object the violation of an Englishman's rights and liberty. It was considered by many that the knowledge thus obtained would lead to acts of oppression, such as compulsory service in the army and navy, the exaction of unjust taxes, and many other things of a like arbitrary nature; and one minister was actually indiscreet enough to hint that the census would be used for conscription purposes in the case of a long war. The Bill passed the House of Commons by large majorities, but was rejected by the House of Lords. Fifty years later, there came a scare of another kind, in consequence of many people thinking that the population was increasing beyond the means of subsistence, and a Bill was passed in 1801 for the taking of a census; which was duly effected.

The Census of 1881, which is the ninth decennial enumeration of the population of the United Kingdom, was taken on 4th April last; and so vast are the figures involved in this great national roll-call, that, even with the assistance of a large staff of clerks, it took the Registrar General three months to ascertain the result. The Report embodying that result, and from the pages of

which we derive our statistics, is only a preliminary one, dealing with the actual numbers of the people. In addition to the work of abstracting the totals from the enumeration books and arranging the tables for publication, the whole of the superintendent-registrars', registrars', and enumerators' claims had to be examined and checked, and the payments made; and when we mention that there were six hundred and thirty superintendent-registrars of districts, about two thousand seven hundred registrars of sub-districts, besides thirty-five thousand enumerators, our readers will scarcely be surprised to learn that the time absorbed in this work alone was six weeks. The sum of money paid away for this part of the census was over eighty thousand pounds.

This portion of the work was performed by the Accounts Branch of the Registrar General's Department, with such accuracy of detail, that not a single mistake of any magnitude occurred in the payments in question. For the taking of the census, Parliament last year voted the sum of one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. And by way of comparison, it may be interesting to note here that the cost of the American census is seven hundred thousand pounds.

The grand total of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom living at midnight on the 3d of April last, including the army and navy and the Channel Islands, was thirty-five millions two hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and sixty-two; the preponderance of females over males being no less than seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand six hundred and sixty-eight. The corresponding total for the whole kingdom in 1871 was thirty-one millions eight hundred and forty-five thousand three hundred and seventy-nine; which, when subtracted from the other—allowing, of course, for the decrease in Ireland and in the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man—shows an increase of three millions four hundred and one thousand one hundred and eighty-three. This is equivalent to an average daily addition of nine hundred and thirty-one persons to the population throughout the ten years; the daily increase in the

preceding decade having been seven hundred and five.

The population of England and Wales on the night of April 3d was twenty-five millions nine hundred and sixty-eight thousand two hundred and eighty-six; being an increase of three millions two hundred and fifty-six thousand and twenty over the number for 1871; and showing further an excess of females over males of seven hundred and eighteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight. To each one hundred males enumerated there were thus 105·7 females; and the proportion of females to males has, it appears, been steadily increasing at each census since 1851. England alone has a population of twenty-four millions six hundred and eight thousand three hundred and ninety-one; exhibiting an increase of three millions three hundred and thirteen thousand two hundred and sixty over the figures of 1871.

By manipulation of these figures, we find that the density of the population of England and Wales is now about four hundred and forty persons to the square mile, or nearly six times as many as in the days of 'Good Queen Bess.' In 1871 there were three hundred and ninety persons to the square mile in England and Wales; so that there is an increase of fifty to this small area in the past ten years. There is, however, plenty of breathing-room left yet to each inhabitant; for it is calculated that an area of six thousand nine hundred and fifty-five square yards could be allotted to each person in England and Wales.

The great improvements in sanitary science during the past decade are shown by the fact that the annual death-rate has decreased to such an extent, that no less than two hundred and ninety-nine thousand three hundred and eighty-five persons are now living, who, with the previous rate of mortality, would have died.

Scotland contributes to the grand total three millions seven hundred and thirty-four thousand three hundred and seventy, or nearly one hundred thousand less than the population of London! There is an increase for Scotland over the census of 1871 of three hundred and seventy-four thousand three hundred and fifty-two. This is, however, not the case with the sister isle; for Ireland exhibits a decrease of two hundred and fifty-two thousand five hundred and thirty-eight; the present total being five millions one hundred and fifty-nine thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

The population of the Isle of Man is fifty-three thousand four hundred and ninety-two; being a decrease of five hundred and fifty under the figures of 1871; and the Channel Islands eighty-seven thousand seven hundred and thirty-one, with a decrease of two thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

The army, navy, and merchant service give an aggregate return of two hundred and forty-two thousand eight hundred and forty-four; being an increase of twenty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-four.

Eight English counties have fallen off in their numbers since 1871—Cornwall showing the large decrease of thirty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine. Cambridge, Rutland, and Westmoreland have also decreased to the extent of over one thousand each; and Dorset, Hereford, and Huntingdon by over four thousand. Shropshire has

been nearly stationary, with a slight decrease of one hundred and eighteen.

Lancashire stands first on the list of the counties whose numbers have increased, with a difference in her favour of six hundred and thirty-four thousand seven hundred and thirty. Yorkshire comes next, with an increase of four hundred and forty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-four; Middlesex next, with a difference of three hundred and seventy-nine thousand and forty-nine; and Surrey, with three hundred and forty-four thousand two hundred and seven. Five other counties—Durham, Essex, Kent, Stafford, and Warwick—exhibit an additional force of over one hundred thousand; while Buckingham, Devon, Norfolk, Oxford, Somerset, Suffolk, and Wilts have an increase in each case of less than ten thousand—the first-named being only about four hundred.

Wales shows a total population of one million three hundred and fifty-nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, of which, like England, the majority are of the fair sex. Of the Welsh counties, six show an aggregate increase of one hundred and fifty-two thousand one hundred and twenty-three. These are: Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Glamorgan, and Merioneth; the last named but one taking the lion's share, namely, one hundred and thirteen thousand eight hundred and thirteen. The other six counties show an aggregate decline of nine thousand three hundred and sixty-three.

Wherever we find the county areas densely populated, it may be taken for granted that the industries connected therewith are in a thriving state; while those counties which fall below a certain maximum have generally either small manufacturing agencies in operation, or are for the most part, if not entirely, agricultural. For instance, we may take it that a density of two hundred to the square mile would be fair evidence of the presence in such counties of large manufactures or mines; whilst a scarcity of population would denote the absence of such works. Lancashire and Middlesex show a density respectively of one thousand seven hundred, and one thousand three hundred, to the square mile, these counties being those in which the greatest industrial activity is developed; while six other counties exhibit a density of over five hundred to the same limited area.

Amidst all these totals, however, the most remarkable is that of London, which now stands at the astounding figure of three millions eight hundred and fourteen thousand five hundred and seventy-one; thus heading the other towns in the kingdom with the enormous increase of five hundred and sixty thousand three hundred and eleven; which in itself is more than the population of Liverpool, and is equal to the aggregate increase in thirteen of the largest towns in England during the same period. Of this immense total of nearly four millions of human souls, the fair sex predominates to the extent of two hundred and twenty-six thousand three hundred and fifty-nine; there being thus in the Great Metropolis nearly a quarter of a million more women than men. The population of London exceeds that of Scotland by eighty thousand two hundred and one. Its increase alone is a little less than the whole population of Hampshire, and about the same as that

of extra-Metropolitan Middlesex and Hertfordshire taken together, more than half as much as Staffordshire, and four times as much as Herefordshire and Radnorshire combined.

The necessity of having public parks and open spaces in London for the benefit of the health of its inhabitants, is clearly shown by the astonishing fact, that there are no fewer than thirty-two thousand three hundred and twenty-six persons to the square mile, or about fifty to the statute acre! the three portions of the Metropolis situated in Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent having respectively eighty, forty-four, and thirteen to the acre.

The City of London, according to what, for the sake of comparison only, we will term the Imperial Census, contained on the night of Sunday, 3d April, fifty thousand five hundred and twenty-six souls; but, dissatisfied with this manner of reckoning the inhabitants of the world's mart, the Corporation determined upon having a Day Census taken; and this was actually done about three weeks after the government enumeration. The result, which took the City officers three months to arrive at, shows that the commercial and mercantile population of the City on the day in question was two hundred and sixty thousand six hundred and seventy. This is an increase over the total of 1866, when a Day Census was also taken, of forty thousand and eleven. The Imperial Census shows the *resident* population of the City to have decreased by twenty-four thousand six hundred and seventy-seven. This is, of course, accounted for by its merchants and others now preferring suburban residences to those situated among factories and warehouses.

The Metropolis is divided into twenty-nine districts; and of these, Islington, Kensington, Lambeth, and Pancras stood highest as regards numbers in 1871; and now exhibit an increase of thirty-two, twenty-four, seventeen, and seven per cent. respectively, each having, more or less, a population of about a quarter of a million. Eight metropolitan districts show a decrease during the past ten years; while Fulham, which was not regarded as a distinct district until 1879, has the remarkable growth of seventy-four per cent.

The population of London has nearly doubled itself in forty years, and now displays the extraordinary fact, that out of the entire population of England and Wales, a proportion of one person in every seven resides in the 'Great City.'

London contains four hundred and eighty-six thousand two hundred and eighty-six inhabited houses, with an average of about eight persons to each; while there are thirty-seven thousand uninhabited dwellings, and eight thousand in course of erection. The area which may be apportioned to the inhabitants of London gives about ninety-five square yards to each person; but each inhabitant has in the Surrey portion of the Metropolis twice as much room as in the Middlesex part, and in the Kent portion nearly nine times as much as in Middlesex.

Liverpool, the next largest city in England, has a population of five hundred and fifty-two thousand four hundred and twenty-five, and shows an increase in the ten years of fifty-nine thousand and twenty. Birmingham comes next with over four hundred thousand, and an increase almost as large as Liverpool; and Leeds with three hundred and

nine thousand one hundred and twenty-six, and an increase of about fifty thousand. Sheffield and Bristol have an aggregate increase of seventy thousand; and Nottingham shows the enormous growth of one hundred and fifteen per cent. on the return for 1871. Manchester, strange to say, shows a falling-off in her population of nearly ten thousand during the decade.

For the convenience of enumeration, England and Wales was divided into eleven divisions, the Metropolis being one of them, the divisions into counties, the counties into districts, and these again into sub-districts; and amongst the interesting and valuable results to be derived from the census we may mention: (1) The age and sex of the people, the differences in which regulate the strength and development of the nation. (2) The mean age of the population. (3) The actual increase in numbers. (4) The successive numbers in a generation, or those born between two consecutive censuses whose gradual growth as a body can be accurately judged. (5) The conjugal condition of the people. (6) The various occupations, &c., in which the population is engaged, and the number to be ascribed to each.

It is the actual numbers of the population, showing the proportion of each sex to the whole, and the increase or decrease of the population, which are the subject-matter of the Registrar General's recent Report; and the totals were abstracted from the census papers as quickly as possible, for the information of Parliament and the country.

The Registrar General's second and more voluminous Report will not be made until the close of the census, which takes nearly three years to complete, although about one hundred and twenty clerks are daily employed on the work. The magnitude of the task may be imagined when it is stated that there were upwards of seven millions of schedules issued, and that each schedule contains eight columns of information, all of which must be examined, checked, corrected, abstracted, compared, and tabulated with the utmost care and precision, in order that the statistics to be deduced therefrom may be rendered valuable by being absolutely reliable. It must also be remembered that each of these schedules contains a different style of writing, much of it being so bad as to be scarcely readable, while in many instances the most astonishing blunders have been made; such, for instance, as a wife appearing as *head* of the household, and described as a 'male;' while the husband occupies the second place, and is described as a 'female.'

Many hitherto unheard-of occupations have also been discovered by the clerks engaged on the revision, and the strangest possible misconceptions of what was required in the geographical and infirmity columns have been to them a source of considerable amusement.

The Secretary and the gentlemen who superintend the work at the Census Office are clerks of the General Register Office, or Registrar General's Department at Somerset House—a Department which has become famous for the reliable and therefore valuable nature of its health statistics and sanitary observations—records that have made the title of 'Registrar General of England' known wherever the English language is spoken.

It is a noteworthy fact, though it is not

mentioned in the Report which we have had under review, that not a single case of prosecution for refusing information has occurred in connection with the taking of the census of 1881; and, as far as can be ascertained, very little vestiges remain of the old prejudices which existed in connection with the subject, and especially with that section of it which dealt with the ages of the fair sex. On the contrary, the work of the enumerators was everywhere lightened by the fact that the lapse of a hundred years has created a radical change in the minds and manners, in the feelings and prejudices of the English people; while the spread of education has enabled the nation to measure its own strength, and to fling aside any childish fears of invasion or oppression, knowing full well, as the humblest working-man does, what would be the fate of any minister, or ministry, who ever attempted, by means of the census, to violate the first principles of the Great Charter.

We have thus far, then, given our readers an epitome of the results of the recent numbering of the people in these islands, and the nation may be fairly congratulated on the fact that it is still making a steady advance in the path of prosperity; for growing numbers must mean, to a certain extent, increase of wealth, and of that natural and physical strength upon which the happiness and material progress of a great empire mainly depend.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XL.—IN THE TRAP.

It was quiet, very quiet, in the great Yard of Mervyn & Co., that had rung all day long to the clink of hammers and the resonant boom of mallets beating merrily on hollow ribs and decks of sound oaken timber. The workshops were empty; so were the slips; so were wet dock and dry dock; the men were gone; and the machinery awaited the potent touch of Steam to give it life again. Very gently, a side-door—the same by which, a day earlier, Mr Weston and his searchers had found ingress—turned upon its well-oiled hinges to give admission to four men, who crossed the Yard in Indian-file, one by one, keeping as much as possible in the shadow of the buildings on which the sickly moonlight played. Bertram Oakley went first. Close behind came Inspector Birch. Two constables of the Southampton police, in their greatcoats, belted, and with cutlasses dangling from their belts, brought up the rear. With cautious tread, with bated breath, the three policemen followed Bertram as he led the way, heedfully, towards the Fittings Store. The whole quartet, as they stole across the Yard, would, to an unprejudiced eye, have had very much the air of night-prowlers. Thief and thief-taker must sometimes look alike. By Bertram's advice, the whole four ensconced themselves—two to the left, and two to the right—behind the piles of timber, beam and mast and spar, heaped and stacked in convenient profusion on both sides of the warehouse where the Fittings were kept. To the right were hidden, behind beams and keelsons and kneetimbers, like a dead grove of leafless trees, Bertram and the Inspector. To the left, behind the

rounded shapes of many spars, lurked the armed constables, armed, because who knew how fierce, or against what odds, the struggle might be?

Then came a period of waiting, with all the tedium, disappointment, uncertainty, that waiting implies, when nerves and brain and eyes grow weary, and incredulity begins to reign paramount. Would they never come? The private policemen fidgeted in their ambush. Inspector Birch muttered beneath his breath ejaculations anything but complimentary to his own wisdom. Bertram was the first to hear the faint sound of feet trampling the gravel. 'Hush!' he said, laying his hand on the detective's arm. On they came, with stealthy tread, through the shadows of night, those who were expected. One, two, three, cautiously, but without hesitation, they approached the Fittings Warehouse. A well-built, active figure led the van. Next came a shorter man in dark clothes, like the first. A tall form, clad in a light-coloured suit of slops, like a common labourer, followed. This man carried over his arm some empty bags or sacks.

'The glim!' whispered the leader, as the door was gained. The tall man in the slop-suit shuffled forward in his nailed boots, and, producing a dark-lantern, struck a light. The shorter of the two who wore broadcloth drew forth a key, and, with a practised hand, thrust it into the keyhole, and threw open the heavy door. What white face was that which gleamed, ghastly, as the glare of the lantern fell upon it? and what smooth voice was it that said, in low accents, but with a chuckling laugh: 'This last job *must* clench the business? We have but to leave the door open, and when the Governor comes to-morrow, with that owl of a detective, it'll be all U.P. with the upstart Oakley—ha! ha!'

'It was a good plant, Judas, about the —,' answered the taller man, as he passed in, close on the heels of the first; and behind came the shambling figure in the slop-suit. As the words were uttered, Bertram could not help tightening the pressure of his hand on the Inspector's arm. He distinctly felt the angry movement which evinced the detective's disgust at being called an owl; but, to the young man's surprise, his practised companion remained passive; and the two policemen were as still as if they had been two of the wooden figure-heads of ships, many of which, gay with paint and gold-leaf, stood near. There was another period of expectation, during which smothered sounds of talking and laughter, and the clatter of metal, and the tink, tink of a hammer, were faintly heard from within; and then, at last, stealthy steps approaching the door. Laden with booty, each with a weighty bag in his hands, the three figures darkened the doorway.

'At 'em!' cried the Inspector, unconsciously parodying the Great Duke of Wellington's most celebrated speech, and dashing forward. There was a flash of bull's-eye lanterns suddenly displayed; there was a scuffling and a kicking up of the gravel, and sacks were dropped, and blows struck, but not many, for the contest was soon over. Almost instantly, the Inspector had Crawley by the collar, and, though the wretch struggled like a writhing eel, he was secured. Bertram made prisoner the tall fellow in the slop-suit, who had already tripped up the heels of the constable who clutched him. But the third man, who was no

other than Nat Lee, after fighting for a moment, changed his tactics, and darted off, like a deer before the hounds. He was pursued; but in vain; for in a moment he was gone, as though the darkness had swallowed him up; and immediately afterwards the distant splash of oars reached the ears of his baffled foes.

'A boat, hey!' muttered the Inspector. 'Well, well, my gentleman, if you don't find Southampton too hot to hold you, my name is not John Birch.—Clap the darbies on these two, anyhow!' And the steel handcuffs closed, with a satisfactory snap, on the wrists of the captives.

'Lock the door—give me the key, Parsons.—That's right,' said the Inspector jubilantly. 'Pick up two of those bags, men. The other we can leave where it is. Late as it has got to be, we'll have them up to Mr Weston's house. It's irregular, very; but it's a rare success. Never knew such a game in the three-and-twenty years I have been in the Force—never!'

FILLING LITTLE PITCHERS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

How far should little pitchers be filled? Need they be brimful? As it happens, we do know of some little pitchers that somehow got filled astoundingly full; we only know of them in books, yet in such grave books, that surely it must be true. In Macaulay's time, every schoolboy knew everything from the Middle Ages downwards, and from here to the utmost limits of British India. Nor did the erudite schoolboy become extinct until later. The greatest modern art-critic declares that every schoolboy knows that the epithet of 'learned' was given to Poussin in allusion to the profound classical knowledge of the painter. But if ever there were such schoolboys, we congratulate ourselves that the race is now at least extinct, like the antediluvian giant lizards and the mammoth creation. Possibly, grave as our authors are, the schoolboy who knew everything is a fabulous animal, a unicorn or dragon of school-boys, whom we need not fear to meet, yet whose name may survive to adorn an essayist's page.

As a matter of fact, the schoolboy at the end of his course of study, the girl in the glory of having acquired every 'accomplishment' at a finishing school—ay, and the university student with his fresh laurels, and the student of sixty, the Magliabecchi living and having his being among his books—all know but a very little of the vast everything that can be known; and their science may be measured upward by their growing sense of the finite littleness of their knowledge, their willing acknowledgment of deficiency. Again, just as it is true that the great point is not to talk of attaining 'much learning,' but to learn our own little well and suitably to our aim in life, so is it also true that even in learning that little, there is diversity of mind and of capacity; and as to talent, it may be expected of one in ten; but genius—of one in ten thousand.

Parents, proud of their children, have an unfortunate knack of believing that genius has been born to them, mistaking their more intimate knowledge of their own children for an unusual display of mind and character in the

children themselves. Pride or fondness such as this produces those disappointing failures, whom the world knows as the clever children that subside into commonplace folk. Would it not be more true to talk of the ordinary children who had been induced for a time to be clever—to attempt things beyond their power? There are boys who think themselves poets, and bitterly regret the knowledge in after-years that their juvenile verses exist scattered somewhere in print. There are girls who were renowned for their wit as children, and who, unfortunately, in later years have no way of knowing that their sharp remarks were only impertinent criticism, the early seed of the habit of clever, unkind criticism and mimicry, that now makes them feared in society—not loved and trusted. Boys, too, are expected to be born to write 'like copperplate,' as old-fashioned school-masters would call that species of perfection, born to be classical scholars, and expert mathematicians. Girls are supposed to be endowed by Nature with a musical ear and an aptitude to be musicians. And while the boys become young rebels under constant blame for their stupidity, the girls take a few music lessons, and torture their friends for evermore with anything but music on the piano. A girl who has the sympathies, the ear, the training of a musician, is indeed a treasure in a household; but many hours would be saved for other study, and much torture to other ears avoided, if parents would sometimes face the fact, that their child has not capacity for music; or perhaps, that she has a correct sense of sound and harmony, but has not the necessary mechanical power.

Granting that it is foolish to try to force every child to be a genius or a Hercules in school-tasks, and granting that the most that can be learned in a few years is but very little; we are inclined to believe that the best thing learned in school-hours is *how to learn*. How to read, and how to learn—that is the most the first few years of life can teach. Give the child a firm beginning for his knowledge, a strong skeleton to build upon and cover in—like the skeleton of beams, the keel and ribs, grandly shaped and riveted together, upon which are to be laid afterwards the planking, the sides, and the stout bulwarks of some ship that will have to voyage long in the great sea. Give him for his history, not dates and names alone, but a broad outline of the centuries, a story of the causes and events that shaped the world; and into this what he reads and hears will fit, and take due place and form. Give him for geography, not where remote rivers rise, and how many square miles far-off countries measure, but a picture description of the world, a knowledge of what the countries are like, and their people, what is made there, to whom those countries belong, what grows there, and how the round of life is lived. As to retaining of the names of places, and their position, much will depend upon the habit of taking the map and finding the towns, or rivers, or mountains named, whenever such names occur in the reading of any book. Every other branch could be treated in the same intelligent and attractive way.

The real education of most men comes after school-days are over; and whether self-education goes on at all, or what course it takes, depends

upon the outline of school studies, the love of serious study that a good teacher developed, and the noble choice of books which a wise teacher indicated. The over-teaching of a child will lead to less education in the end, because less self-education will follow. 'The way in which they forced him to study,' wrote Madame de Caylus of Louis XV., 'gave him such a disgust for books, that he took the resolution of never opening one again when he would be his own master; and he has kept his word.' How many boys and girls do the same without taking the resolution! They have been disgusted with serious study; and a newspaper and a novel are the only literature for which they have appetite. They are like Louis XV., that little pitcher that was filled brimful, and that tossed out the contents again with the royal privilege of self-assertion. What if, after all, some of the best pitchers were not filled brimful? What if some of the noblest natures were not clever in learning, nor brilliant with genius? If children do not show signs of such gifts, why should we force them, why should we regret it? There are better gifts—far better. Look at that man who is welcomed everywhere for his happy humour, loved at home for his kindness, honoured abroad for his integrity, his hard work, his bravery of spirit in misfortune—a greater bravery than courage on the battle-field; and yet probably he had no great name in his school and college, beyond being an ordinary boy on the list, with ordinary abilities. And see that girl, who promises to make some day the angel of home, a woman full of kindly helpfulness and sweetness, and capable of the heroism of self-sacrifice—the commonplace girl who tried Latin three times and could not get past the declensions; and whose chief musical qualifications find an outlet in humming her baby-brother to sleep.

And lastly, with what are the little pitchers to be filled? 'Ah!' said a white-haired country-woman the other day, talking about her schoolboy grandson—one of some thirty grandchildren scattered in prosperous humble homes through the green shires of Southern England—'Ah! they ought to keep him at school. It's all the scholarship nowadays. It's different from when I was young. Everything's in scholarship now!' But is everything in 'scholarship' now? we thought, looking at this homely old lady's gentle blue eyes—a pair of eyes that keep the light of love yet, far on into the happy winter of a good, hard-working, simple, cheery life—is everything in 'scholarship'? We know that the poor thirst to push their sons and daughters upward; they have a generous desire that their children shall enjoy the good things which were not within their own reach. They are anxious for their children to be what they call scholars, and they work with a touching self-denial to give them this 'scholarship,' with its vague visions of future tangible advantages. But in many cases sorrow lurks behind the delusive promise that their children's good depends upon literary proficiency, and that they will be happier for stepping up with their own children's children to rank among the educated and to be of a higher class.

Out of this idea of pushing upward comes the lamentable impression that manual labour is degrading, that a man who works at a trade, and

a woman who earns her way, are inferior to people of similar education and birth who do not work with their hands. Out of this idea also comes the filling of offices with ill-paid clerks, the overcrowding of clerks, till a man who has 'scholarship' is worse paid at his desk than if he had been a cabinet-maker or a mechanical engineer, or a skilled factory-workman. To the same causes too must we attribute the ever-increasing number of governesses and teachers, who can hardly hope to find employment. The opening of many trades to women as workers, is a step in advance, and may possibly save much of the misery that arose from the old idea that a dowerless girl degraded her family in social position if she sought any employment except teaching.

Now, to return to our little pitchers. Children are not all to lead the same kind of life. They have diversity of powers, and the great aim must be their perfect, solid preparation for the kind of life to which they are destined. Education is not book-learning alone; that is a low idea of it. Education is 'a building-up.' It is the discovery and training of the child's gifts, the development of what is good, the casting out of what is evil. And we take it that the labourer's child who is taught our five *Rs*—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Respect, and above all Reverence, and who is also taught the work he is to do, has received as serviceable an education as the heir to a baronetcy who wins the honours of a university career. Of course, if the child of the poorest is gifted with great talents, he should have it in his power to find development for them in the highest kind of education; such talents carry with them a taste and aptitude for study. Such a child should be given every help to find his level; and find it he will, though he be the son of an illiterate labourer. For the rest, the mental work of study constitutes a useful exercise of the mind, but useful only in proportion as it is suitable to the future position and occupation of the scholar. In a word, the excellence of education is to be estimated not by the amount learned, but by its efficiency as a preparation for the child's after-life. A perfect education in whatever class it be, is simply the perfect preparation of the child to enter upon his life's greater tasks, to live a noble and useful life though the most obscure, filling his allotted place worthily, loyal to God and conscience, loyal to home and country, loyal to his neighbour and to his life-work. Can anything be higher than this? And yet the little pitchers have to be filled with many other things beside 'scholarship,' if we wish them to realise this grand ideal.

There is something else to be trained beside the memory and understanding: it is the will. The little ones have to be taught to distinguish and choose the path of duty. Begin by teaching them while they are still very little children—teach them practically, not dilly and severely, but gaily and sweetly, that 'the path of duty is the way to glory.' Teach them, too, unselfishness and generosity, knowing that all through life, and every day of life, they will have need of others, and others will have need of them. Teach them that, nevertheless, all life long they must be ready to rely on self-help; and the lessons in self-help should begin with little things—the little everyday needs of life. Man's self-help is to be after-

wards exercised in making his way through the world. But woman's self-help will mostly have home for its sphere; and at home our wee women should learn early the self-help that saves trouble to others, and that gives promise of a good housewife by-and-by. The children of the working classes, and of the upper classes too, would benefit by such teaching. As an example: girls learn to sew at school with microscopic neatness; but they seldom learn to 'cut out,' and to make wearing apparel tastefully from patterns; yet many of them will a little later have the whole care of making their own dress; and as mothers, if they need to economise, they will have to devise, fit, and make the dresses of their children. There are many more household arts which girls ought to learn; and just as it is said that a young maiden's drawer of ribbons and gloves is a picture of the order of her future house, we may say that a child's eagerness to help practically in little things, is a picture of the grown woman's power of helpfulness.

With such thoughts in mind, we gravely suspect that some things better than scholarship may have been learned by our old friend the grandmother, worn of face, white-haired, blue-eyed. She has scholarship enough for reading aloud on Sunday evenings, and reading pleasantly; for we have heard her voice when we passed the open door. She knew enough for the straw-plaiting of her native village, and for the making of pillow-lace—lace that was worn out by fair ones somewhere about threescore years ago. She knew enough to be interested in her husband's work; to be glad of his skill in a cottage fruit-garden; to bear him untiring company in old age; to nurse him in his sickness; and to retain his memory tenderly, though in a plain and simple way, in her faithful heart. She knew enough to work through a long life of industry, and to see her children's children all growing up with family traditions of reverence, honour, mutual help. She is the type of thousands more. The lack of 'scholarship' does not seem to have made her eyes less gently loving to the last; nor to have left her old age less active and helpful and bright; nor to have marred that humble life-work that is so unconscious, so complete, so enduring. Perhaps, after all, the great thing is not to fill our little pitchers roughly and hastily and brimful, but to secure for them a little of what is truly good, to instil into them some drops of unseen worth, to think only of filling them so that they may stand nobly.

TOM'S WIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

It was with a strange sense of something unexpected going to happen, that on the Friday morning I alighted at the door of the Atheling Manor-house, and followed the servant into the library. The Squire was there, and received me with a degree of cordiality which to me seemed but affectation in the love-entangled old man. Madame Favre, and her maid along with her, were there also; and she returned my bow with a graceful inclination of the head, and a patronising air, as if she were already lady of the house. Yet I could

not help being less favourably impressed with her appearance than when I was first introduced to her in her own house; and there was a certain furtiveness in her look, something half-sinister in the expression of her face, which I had before remarked, though not so strongly; yet on second thoughts I was disposed to lay these bad impressions at the door of my now personal prejudices against the lady, as having been instrumental, though maybe unconsciously, in the unnatural separation of father and son, both of whom I had long known and loved, while she was but the stranger of a day.

She was certainly a beautiful woman; and the taste and elegance with which she had attired herself for this occasion, set off her fine face and figure to unusual advantage. Indeed, I could not look at her without a feeling of intense surprise that a woman so accomplished and handsome and wealthy should throw herself away upon a gentleman more than twice her age, and who would have better suited the relationship of father to her, than of husband. But these were all matters with which I had nothing practically to do; and after our first brief salutations were exchanged—for I was not in a mood to converse much—I proceeded to business.

Having meanwhile dismissed the maid—who was to be afterwards a co-witness with myself to the signing of the contract—I read the document aloud. The Squire and Madame Favre both expressed themselves satisfied with its provisions. I thought I could detect the Squire rubbing his hands together under the table, as I read the clause which made him absolute owner of the forty thousand pounds which constituted Madame Favre's fortune; and I was sure that *here*, and nowhere else, lay the world-loving old man's pleasure in the marriage he was thus contracting. When I had done reading the paper, Madame Favre's maid was re-called, and the Squire proceeded to subscribe his name in due form. The lady rose, and was coming forward to do the same, when, just as I was placing the deed in position to receive her signature, the quick rattle of wheels was heard upon the gravel outside, and in another minute a carriage passed the window, and drew up at the door. The lady's glance turned towards the window, and I thought, as the vehicle passed, that a peculiar, wild gleam came into her eyes—but whether of fear, surprise, or annoyance, or all three combined, I was unable to determine. She, however, took the pen in her hand, and was proceeding to sign, when the servant entered the room, bearing a visiting-card upon a salver.

'Why—Jack Silverton!' exclaimed the Squire, as he took up the card and looked at it; 'what can have brought him here at this time?—Tell the gentleman,' he continued, addressing the servant, 'that I shall see him very shortly.'

'Please, sir,' said the man, 'he says he must see you at once, as he has business as is of importance.'

'And so have I,' remarked the Squire, with a look and smile towards Madame Favre; 'and Mr Silverton, though an old friend, must bide his time. Deliver your message.'

Madame Favre, who I could see was not a little agitated for a few minutes, appeared to regain her composure; and standing with pen in hand, she heard the Squire explain to her that 'Jack Silverton,' as he called him, was one of his oldest and best friends, whom he had not seen for many years, owing to his residence on the continent. He was going to tell of their early friendship and some of its events, when the servant again entered, with a scrap of paper on the tray, on which were pencilled a few words. The Squire read them, and with an expression of impatience on his lips, begged the lady to excuse him for a minute, until he had spoken with Mr Silverton, whom he would presently beg leave to introduce to her.

As the Squire left the room, Madame Favre laid down the pen, and quietly resumed her seat. I watched her as closely as I could without making my attentions marked, and I was certain she did not feel comfortable under this interruption. Nothing was said by either of us. I busied myself, or professed to busy myself, with the other papers I had brought along with me. The minutes seemed to pass with tenfold tedium. The great marble clock on the chimney ticked with redoubled loudness, and no other sound was heard about the house. It struck me as being like the silence that precedes death, or the hush that foreruns a thunderstorm, or the deceptive lull that ushers in some great catastrophe. I felt painfully uneasy; and, rising from my seat, walked forward to the window, and looked out upon the pretty lawn, in the hope of diverting my attention from the gloomy spirit of foreboding that somehow or other had settled down upon me.

The Squire had been absent about ten minutes—possibly not so long, for each moment seemed a minute to me—when the servant returned to the room, and said his master wished to see me. Taking the precaution of refolding the deed and placing it in my pocket, I followed him, wondering within myself, as I crossed the long hall, what was to be the upshot of this day's singular proceedings.

As I entered the drawing-room, my eyes fell on the Squire. What had come over the man? Seated in a large arm-chair, his whole demeanour betrayed nervous agitation. Near him stood a gentleman whom I had not before seen. This was Mr Silverton. Opposite to the Squire sat a tall, middle-aged lady, with a matronly aspect, and dressed in mourning. What was my astonishment when I heard her introduced to me by the name of Madame Favre!

'Madame Favre!' The exclamation was off my lips before I was aware.

'Yes, Mr Woollaston,' said Mr Silverton; 'this is Madame Favre; and my old friend here has, I fear, been led upon very thin ice, from which I am thankful to have been able to rescue him in time.'

The Squire sunk his head in his hands, and groaned as if in humiliation and agony. I asked Mr Silverton for some explanation.

'Only a very few words are necessary,' said he. 'The woman whom you know under the name of Madame Favre is an impostor—a mere com-

panion, I believe, who, among other misdeeds, after robbing her mistress in Paris, abruptly decamped, to prevent the disclosure of a scandalous tale.'

I was so astonished as to be scarcely able to speak. At length I asked, had we not better secure the woman?

'By all means,' said Mr Silverton. 'Order a servant to take up his position at the door of the library, and let us know in the case of her wishing to leave the room.'

I did as suggested, and was back to the room in a minute. The Squire still sat with his head sunk on the table, utterly overcome with shame and mortification. His temporary triumph over his son had been bought at an awful price to his feelings at this moment.

I shall now explain in a few words how Mr Silverton and the real Madame Favre so opportunely arrived upon the scene. It was, I am thankful to think now, through my letter to Tom. A few days before he received it, he had seen in the list of those attending a grand *fête*, the name of a Mr Silverton, and he remembered this as the name of one whom he had often heard his father speak of as one of his earliest friends. He resolved to search him out; and in this was successful. He found Mr Silverton extremely kind, and much distressed to hear of the breach that had taken place between him and his father.

'I feel all the more regret,' said he to Tom, 'because, in my younger days, I joined with others of my family in repudiating a brother who had married, as we judged, beneath him. I never saw his face again, and he must, I fear, be long since dead; and for years I have diligently sought to find some later traces of him on the Continent, but in vain. I trust your father will never feel the remorse I have often felt.'

On the receipt of my letter as to his father's engagement, Tom again waited upon Mr Silverton. The latter gentleman read the letter carefully till he came to the name of the lady—whose name Tom had not in his former conversations with him happened to mention—when he at once exclaimed: 'Why, I know the lady. I saw her in Paris within these few weeks.'

'That can scarcely be,' replied Tom; 'she has been at Atheling for some considerable time.'

'There is some mystery then,' said Mr Silverton. 'Let us go at once and see into it.' And they thereupon got a conveyance, and drove to Madame Favre's residence.

It was, as had been suspected, and as related above. The woman whom Tom's father had pointed out to him as Madame Favre, was an impostor; and Tom determined that immediate measures must be taken, or his father might be made the victim—as he was in reality very nearly being made—of the woman's deceptive and practised wiles. The woman's real name was Miss Emma Farthing, and had no connection with Madame Favre, except that she had once been that lady's companion, and had robbed her, and absconded.

All this was told to us in a few minutes by Mr Silverton; but still the Squire gave no sign of recovery from the stupor of agony into which the revelation had cast him. He only groaned as the character of the woman who had deceived him was repeated in his hearing.

'But are you quite sure,' I asked with lawyer-like hesitation, 'that this person we have known as Madame Favre is the Miss Emma Farthing whom you refer to?'

'The best way to settle that,' said Madame Favre, who had not hitherto joined in the conversation except by occasional tokens of assent to Mr Silverton's statement—'the best way to settle that is for us to confront the lady, and see for ourselves.'

'Yes, that is right,' said Mr Silverton; and I led the way to the library. The Squire, however, remained seated where he was.

Outside the library door, the servant was standing as directed, and he opened the door as we approached. I entered first, but only to find the room empty! The birds had flown! But how? A glance at the half-open lattice showed that while the footman had been keeping watch outside the door, the two ladies had quietly stepped out and escaped by the lawn. This was proof sufficient of the identity of the lady with Miss Emma Farthing. I could now understand the wild, confused gleam that had lit up her eyes half an hour before as the carriage passed the window—she must then have obtained a glimpse of the lady she was personating, and knew that her destiny was sealed. Further, I was now able to appreciate the lady's extreme liberality in making an absolute conveyance of all her pretended property to her prospective husband; and her cleverness in arranging that her income should be secured upon the broad acres of Atheling. My blood rose against the sleek and supple deceiver, as I pondered upon all that had taken place, and especially upon the fact that for such an adventuress the Squire should have turned his only son out of doors and executed a deed of disinheritorship against him.

My first impulse was to give orders that the woman be followed and detained till she could be handed over to justice. But Mr Silverton, wisely as I now think, said: 'No; let the wretched creature go. Her apprehension would only render the matter public, and my old friend the Squire is already humiliated enough. But it would only be prudent to see that she leaves her present place of abode on the estate as she found it; and for that reason, it would not be amiss were you to step thither and see to this, while I go back to the Squire and make some endeavour to alleviate his present anguish of mind.'

Acting on this suggestion, though an hour had by this time elapsed, I took my way to the dower-house where the spurious Madame Favre had hitherto basked in the sunlight of her temporary good fortune. I felt that I also had been imposed upon, and was consequently in no pleasant frame of mind as I walked towards my destination, and was prepared, if I found the impostor there, to speak some very sharp words. But my preparations were unnecessary. As I might have thought, the lady was too much an adept at her trade to linger long on the skirts of detection. Her maid-of-all-work, the village girl formerly alluded to, was now sole occupant of the house. Her mistress and the maid, she told me, had hurriedly collected together whatever was portable and of value, and were now off! 'Bold-faced minx!' I exclaimed, as I picked up from the floor the

miniature of the soldier—her 'dear dead husband'—that had stood on the mantel-piece. I need not add that the discarded portrait had been stripped of its expensive frame; and the little phaeton which had been placed a week ago at her service by the poor cozened Squire, had been put in requisition to bear her and her spoils to the nearest railway station. I could not, however, help feeling glad that she had escaped; for now, thought I, nothing will surely intervene to prevent the old man from being reconciled to his son, unless—and this was still a serious question—the fact of his marriage with a penniless and friendless girl should be more than the father could ever forgive.

On my return to the Manor-house, I found the Squire somewhat recovered from the first shock which the revelation had given him. Mr Silverton and he were conversing together; the former having taken the method that is often the best to restore the mind of the despondent to something like animation—he had engaged him in conversation about matters quite foreign to that which had given him pain. Mr Silverton at once addressed me.

'I have just, Mr Woollaston, been telling my old friend some of the passages of my life during the many years which have intervened since I saw him last; and in the meantime, as he insists that I should remain with him for a few days, I have given orders that the conveyance be sent back to the village for my wife and daughter, whom I had left behind me till I found how things were situated here. Madame Favre has also returned with the carriage; as she is afraid this impostor may have been making use of her name in London, and she hurries thither to put her agents on the alert.'

The very reference to the woman who had so befuddled the Squire gave him, I could see, the greatest uneasiness, and he sat for a minute with downcast eyes, but without speaking a word. At last, as if anxious to divert the conversation into other channels, he said: 'You mentioned your wife and daughter, Jack; I thought you had no family.'

'Nor had I till lately,' said Mr Silverton, with a smile. 'And I will tell you how an old couple like my wife and I come to have a daughter now. You have often heard me speak of my brother Charles. You know he was wild and foolish, and that in his youth he made a marriage abroad which so annoyed and irritated his father, and I must admit, the whole of his relations, that we discarded him for ever. I cannot now think of our harshness towards the poor fellow without remorse; for, with all his faults, he was still one of ourselves—our own flesh and blood—and no such violent rupture ever comes to good, or gives us peace, however much we may think ourselves justified at the time in making the breach.'

At these words, I thought I could see the old Squire wince. 'He must,' I said to myself, 'be thinking of Tom.' Mr Silverton went on:

'A few years ago, after we had long lost sight of my brother, and being ourselves childless, a strong desire took possession of me to take some steps to try and discover whether he might still be alive, and what condition he might be in. After a weary, and for a long time a fruitless search, I succeeded in discovering the small town

in the north of Italy where he had been married, but found that the marriage had been carried out under an assumed name. He had dropped the name of Silverton, and taken that of Cleveland. I ascertained the name of his wife also; but yet it was long before I could trace him with any certainty; and at length I found that he had lived for a few years within twenty miles of Paris, where he died. From this point all traces of him were lost till very recently, when, by a happy chance, I found a family of the same name in Paris, among whom was a sister of my brother's wife, who had in her possession the proofs of his marriage, and what was of still more interest to us, was acting as the guardian of his only child, now an orphan. This child, a lovely girl, who had inherited her father's handsome features, was like a restoration to us from the grave; and after satisfying ourselves as to the fact of her relationship to us, my wife and I resolved to adopt her as our daughter, and make her the inheritor of our possessions.—All this happened so very recently, that it almost seems to me more of a dream than a reality; for you may be sure we are very proud of our young charge. But I need not say more, for I hear the conveyance approaching with them.'

As he said these words, he walked quickly out of the room, in order to receive the visitors in the hall. The Squire rose from his chair also, and made a step or two forward, as if to bid them welcome. At that moment Mr Silverton appeared at the door of the room, leading in a young lady. Close behind him came an elderly lady, whom I rightly took to be Mrs Silverton, and I could not help observing that there was an arch smile on her happy face. When I looked again at the young lady on Mr Silverton's arm, I almost cried out with surprise. It was Jessica!

'Mr Atheling,' said Mr Silverton, as he came forward towards the Squire—'this is our daughter Jessica—Tom's Wife!'

For a second or two the old man stood as if in bewilderment; but as the beautiful girl approached him and sank on her knees at his feet, he took her by the hand and raised her up, and I could see there was a tear upon his cheek. 'My dear,' he said, 'I have been a foolish old man; but God bless you; and tell my boy to try and forgive his deluded old father.'

Before she could answer, a step was heard entering the room, and Tom himself stood before us. His father advanced to meet him, took both his boy's hands in his, and it could be seen that he was making a strong effort to control his feelings. In this he only partially succeeded; his words were but few, and uttered in a quivering voice. 'Tom,' he at length said, 'you must never leave me again.'

I need not dwell upon the happiness of this reconciliation. In answer to my subsequent inquiries, I discovered, what Mr Silverton did not fully state to the Squire in his first conversation, that it was through his finding of Tom, and that the name of the lady whom Tom had married was Jessica Cleveland, that Mr Silverton regained the dropped clue in his search for his brother's child. Jessica's mother had never been aware of the fact that Cleveland was only an assumed name on the part of her husband, and died without making the discovery. This was left

for Mr Silverton to accomplish; and by it, as we have seen, happy results followed. Father and son at Atheling once more understood each other; and next to his love for his boy is his affection for the sweet and unassuming girl, whom the old man delights to speak of as 'Tom's Wife.'

TEA AND SILK FARMING IN NEW ZEALAND.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THOSE of our readers who have felt interested in the subject which heads this paper, will probably be pleased to learn what has been done in the matter beyond its advocacy through the medium of the press. On the 3d July 1879, a correspondence was commenced with the New Zealand government through the Agent-General in London, in the course of which, by means of private letters and published communications, an epitome of the design was almost simultaneously laid before the authorities and public here and at the antipodes. Several objects were sought to be attained by this method of procedure. The proposal to farm tea and silk as a combined industry being novel, it was felt by the promoters that every possible source of information available ought to be investigated and utilised; and that, concurrently with approaches to the New Zealand government, there should be appeals to the general public, so that a wholesome action and reaction might result.

In the early stages, not much was expected from the colonial authorities beyond information; but a great deal was anticipated from intelligent colonists, many individuals among whom knew the antipodes and their capabilities thoroughly, and might either stamp the scheme with their approval, should it seem to possess the elements of success, or extinguish it if unworthy by their adverse criticism. Nevertheless, something was looked for from the government, such as the promise of support, either pecuniary or otherwise, after the example of the India and continental powers, which for many years had been aiding tea or silk farming, or both, in their respective countries out of public funds. A hope was also entertained that a newspaper correspondence, starting simultaneously at populous centres in each hemisphere, might have the effect of exciting curiosity concerning various important yet neglected openings for colonial enterprise, and stimulating capitalists to examine the claims and attractions of other commercial products than the ordinary grain, wool, timber, and metals which had hitherto engrossed their attention in New Zealand. Another interesting anticipation consisted in the prospect of employing educated women and girls, who, through misfortune, had become reduced in circumstances.

Regarding the enterprise itself, its leading features may be thus briefly sketched. It has been suggested that the operations should be undertaken by (1) A sufficiently wealthy syndicate, to be incorporated under the Companies Acts of 1862 and 1867, by the title of 'The New Zealand Tea and Silk Company (Limited).' (2) That the authorised capital be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, in five hundred shares of

one hundred pounds, or fifty thousand pounds fully paid up on allotment; with power to issue mortgage debentures for fifty thousand pounds, at the end of two years, or immediately after the financial result of the first silk crop shall have been ascertained; and to issue further debenture bonds for fifty thousand pounds on the expiry of four years, or directly the first tea-crop has been realised. (3) That the Company be administered in the United Kingdom by a Board of Directors, and in New Zealand by a Manager and Board of Advice. (4) That the special aims of the Company be the acquisition of eligible lands, forests, and running streams for water-power; the erection of suitable buildings and machinery within the province of Auckland or elsewhere in New Zealand, for the purpose of conducting the farming and production of tea and silk, and any other articles of commerce which may be found desirable; and (5) keeping in view the circumstance that the successful establishment of such a group of industries in any district would probably raise the value of all adjacent lands, that, in order to obtain a share of the anticipated advance, the functions of a Land Settlement Association be assumed, by the further acquisition of a surrounding area of perhaps thirty thousand acres; to be secured, if possible, on similar terms to those granted to the corporation in the district of Rangitikei known as the Manchester Settlement.

Putting aside in the meantime this last item, and limiting our attention to the farming scheme alone, the following is an epitome of how the enterprise might be commenced and conducted upon an area of three thousand acres, costing, probably, about six thousand pounds. The first operation would be to provide for the food requirements of the future by the cultivation of two hundred and fifty acres as a permanent cereal and root farm for the maintenance of the employés and draught animals on the estate. Coincident with this work, that of tea and mulberry planting, at the rate of one or two hundred acres of each per annum, might be prosecuted; the remaining land, except a tract of forest to be kept for the supply of timber, being thrown into wheat; let to tenants for grazing or other agricultural purposes; or partly devoted to the subsidiary industries presently to be described. Meanwhile, the erection of the necessary buildings, such as houses, cottages, and other tenements for the employés; stables, barns, stores, sawmill, workshops, tea-houses, laboratory, and magnaneries or silkworm nurseries could be undertaken as required; and the whole so timed, that the arrival of the special apparatus from home, would be coincident with the completion of the premises for their reception, and with the period for their employment.

Among the *subsidiary* products to which portions of the spare land might be devoted, allusion need only be made to five: Small Fruit, Honey, Oranges, Vines, and Olives, all of which, being usually more profitable than cereal farming, might take the place of grain, except on the permanent farm.

Speaking of the first of these products, one of the witnesses examined last year by the New Zealand Colonial Industries Commission, stated that an ordinary crop of small-fruit—berries of

various kinds—would be about six tons per acre. Sold at the nominal price of three-halfpence per pound for preserving purposes, such a crop would yield a net return of fifty pounds sterling per acre. He also said that were fruit-preserving factories established, one man, attending to three acres of small-fruit—which he could easily accomplish—would be better remunerated than the farmer of fifty acres in grass or under the ordinary crops. At present, for want of such factories, immense quantities of the finest cherries, peaches, currants, brambles, and other fruits in favour for preserving, annually rot on the trees and bushes; and whilst the New Zealand public are paying at present a sum of over ninety thousand pounds a year in the home and Australian markets for similar tinned and bottled luxuries, these could be produced at a vast saving at their own doors.

Bee-keeping is still in its infancy at the antipodes, as compared with the results from apiculture elsewhere; notably in the United States. Occasionally, even in the inclement north, we hear of Scotch people who practise the humane non-swarming system—by which none of the industrious little workers are stifled—obtaining as much as seventy-nine pounds-weight of honey per annum from each hive. In the Ukraine (Polish Russia), it is a matter of common occurrence for the peasants to own five hundred hives apiece, and to boast occasionally that they make more money thereby than the farmers from their crops. At Mount Ida, in the island of Crete; Narbonne, in France; and Chamouni, in Switzerland, apiculture has long been carried on extensively, the value and fame of their honey being known all over Europe. But it is in America that this lucrative industry is to be seen in its fullest dimensions. It appears, from an article in the *Times* of January 14, 1879, that bee-keeping is conducted in the United States by means of large capital, many firms owning from two thousand three hundred to five thousand swarms of bees, and in the case of Messrs Thurber of New York, twelve thousand swarms. These apiculturists, indeed, in 1878 exported to Great Britain three hundred thousand pounds-weight of honey, being part of a product all over the States that year of thirty-five million pounds. The American mode of conducting the industry is this: Farmers and proprietors of orchards at intervals of three or four miles apart are arranged with, either at a fixed rent or for a share of the honey produced; and probably one hundred swarms are boarded with each agriculturist. Properly trained servants are sent round at regular intervals to clean the hives, remove saturated combs, and to destroy all parasitical or useless insects. In this way the farmer or gardener has very little responsibility; and the pecuniary result at the end of favourable seasons is highly satisfactory, as each suitable acre suffices for twenty-five swarms, and the insect boarders on four acres can be attended to by one man. The remunerative nature of the industry will be admitted when we mention that in America the seven years ending with 1879 exhibited an average harvest of ninety pounds-weight of honey per hive, which realised about tenpence per pound, or, exclusive of the value of the wax, a gross return of ninety-three pounds per acre.

A very curious phase of the industry is that portion of it which is conducted afloat. During

the early spring, a properly fitted steamer, with a certain number of swarms on board, starts, say, from New Orleans. Sailing slowly up the Mississippi, the vessel, with its humming freight, successively passes through Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky. By the time spring has developed into the glorious Indian summer, the gorgeous flower-decked prairies of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin will have been reached and left behind. At Minnesota, the steamer probably remains for a time, or till the deepening autumnal tints warn the captain to commence his homeward voyage, when he slowly steams and drifts with the current back to the port of departure ere winter has set in. By this singular, yet eminently practical device, the bees are introduced to an ever-changing scene of floral wealth and beauty; their strength is husbanded, as their flights are necessarily short though frequent; the shining hour is improved to its utmost, honey being continually stored by the busy workers, and as constantly pillaged by the watchful crew; and the grand issue of the voyage is usually a return of two hundredweight of sweetness from every hive.

As already hinted, apiculture is yet undeveloped in New Zealand; nevertheless, the experiments which have already been made there have proved sufficient to satisfy inquirers how very profitable an industry it becomes in experienced hands, especially when the Ligurian bee is the one relied on.

Beet-growing for sugar-boiling has been tried, also with success, and as much as thirty tons per acre of first-class roots obtained; but the far more profitable sorgho-grass of Asia and Africa, although doubtless well adapted to the soil and climate, does not appear yet to have been attempted, at least on a commercial scale. This plant is extensively cultivated in the United States, thriving well as far north as Maine, where farmers not long ago stated that the profit from the sugar derived from one acre of maize—which yields one-fifth less saccharine matter than sorgho—was equal to the gain from the sale of thirty acres of wheat. Should a similar yield reward the farmer in New Zealand—and there is no reason why it should not be exceeded—our allusion to the industry as a subsidiary one will soon require modification.

Among the whole of our cultivated fruits, it is well known that none surpasses the orange as a remunerative crop, even taking into account the circumstance that nine or ten years must elapse between planting the seed and gathering the first harvest, where grafting is not resorted to. In several parts of New Zealand, both oranges and lemons already grow luxuriantly, the trees being usually planted about one hundred to the acre. At present, without the advantages conferred by scientific culture, we are informed that the annual reward to the owner from the fruiting trees is valued at the very moderate rate of seven farthings per dozen, showing a gross income of over ninety-six pounds per acre.

There is a difference of opinion about the desirability of cultivating olives and vines together upon the same estate; but happily there is none regarding the suitability of parts of New Zealand for the prosecution of both farming operations. On this point, an Italian authority

(Mr G. B. Federli, of the Survey Department, New Zealand) writes: 'The cultivation of the vine requires the identical kind of soil that is necessary for the olive, and the same treatment in planting; consequently, when they are cultivated together the labour is at least lessened one-third, and without the slightest disadvantage to either. One more important item is, that if the olive-trees fail for one year—as is the case sometimes in the countries where it is cultivated—the vines assist in lessening the loss, it being rarely the case that both fail.'

Space will not admit of our detailing several other important yet neglected plants for subsidiary culture, such as the male and female tallow-trees of China, one yielding a valuable white wax, and the other wax and varnish; the Japanese chestnut, the persimmon, cinchona, liquorice, medicinal rhubarb, dye-saffron, cork, dyer's madder, and many more, all fairly hardy, and no doubt well suited for the climate of Auckland. Those which have been particularised, should, it has been suggested, be reared under the wing of the more important tea and silk farming enterprise, with the double object of securing economy in working the whole estate, and with the view of attracting to the colony as wide and varied a circle of immigrants as possible.

With the leading points, and much of the detail comprehended in this and previous articles, the New Zealand authorities have, through their Agent-General, been already made acquainted; and as they have always been understood to be favourably disposed towards the promotion of new local industries, they have been asked if they will assist tea and silk farming in any degree; and if so, how. In order to help the government to form an opinion, the following suggestions have been offered.

For the Tea Industry.—(1) The necessary supply of one-year-old tea-plants and fresh seed from China, Ceylon, Assam, the Neilgherries, and Darjeeling, delivered at the nearest port to the proposed plantations at cost price, or free. (2) Facilities for the importation of labour from China, India, or elsewhere; and reasonable legal protection to the planter against the non-fulfilment or evasion of labourers' engagements. (3) A proportion of forest-land to the acreage purchased or rented, at a reduced figure, or free. (4) The admission without duty by the Customs of all material, implements, tools, and machinery necessary in tea cultivation, manufacture, and packing, for a short term of years. (5) Freedom from duty or excise impost for all tea grown and prepared within the colony for the first ten years.

For the Silk Industry.—(6) The necessary supply—four hundred plants per acre—of five-year-old white mulberry bushes grafted on black mulberry stocks, or other approved kinds and seed, from Sydney or elsewhere; also the needful quantities of any other silkworm-feeding shrubs, such as the castor-oil plant, the terminalia and jujube trees, the alanthus, &c., delivered at the nearest port to the proposed plantations at cost price, or free. (7) Facilities in regard to labour, land, and freedom from duties, as in the tea industry. (8) And such encouragement as would lead to the speedy settlement of skilled reelers from France and Italy, silk throwsters from

England, and the purchase in time of all the elaborate mechanism required in the higher branches of the silk industry.

In thus indicating some of the directions in which support might be afforded, it was simply intended to prompt the executive upon a difficult subject; and it was explained that only for a limited period would aid of any sort be likely required. It was also hoped that an abstract of the probable industrial needs of the proposed enterprise, such as the above, might incline the New Zealand Parliament to come to some liberal understanding on the subject soon. Precedents are not wanting in other parts of the world, where state aid has been for lengthened periods extended to tea and silk farming. Surely, therefore, it cannot be too much to expect that the New Zealand government, once convinced of the feasibility of the project under review, will meet the proposal handsomely, and help to sow the seed of an enterprise which in the immediate future can scarcely fail to become a source of wealth to those islands, and prove an attractive refuge for at least a portion of the surplus female population of the old country.

The only other point to which it is desirable to advert is the fifth of the leading features—the expediency of adding the functions and responsibility of a Land Settlement Company. It has been represented to the New Zealand government that, in order to obtain the acme of success, it is believed that The New Zealand Tea and Silk Company (Limited) should be launched upon a scale of some magnitude; and that ample provision should be made, not only for extensions of the original area, but also for the expected influx of the numerous trades and professions which elsewhere invariably cluster around the centres of great industries. The authorities have accordingly been asked if, in the event of a Company being formed, and proposing to deal with an expanse of from twenty to thirty thousand acres, they would be disposed to grant the advantages secured to the Manchester Settlement, alluded to at page 215 of the Official Hand Book of New Zealand (1875). To this inquiry, the reply, as yet, has not been of that definite character which the actual existence of an established Company would doubtless have elicited. Caution on the part of responsible officials is admitted to be right and necessary; at the same time it should not be forgotten that no great commercial undertaking was ever consummated without the exercise of mutual confidence, even during preliminary negotiations, between the contracting parties.

In these days of bogus schemes, the public must be provided with well-digested facts, distinct offers, plain contracts, and perfectly reliable information, ere it will embark in undertakings, especially on the opposite curve of the globe. If the enterprise, set forth in this and previous articles, has recommended itself to the judgment of New Zealand colonists and statesmen, there need be no difficulty or hesitation on their part in indicating how and to what extent they are prepared to sympathise. On the other hand, taking into account the many millions of capital in this rich old country the owners of which are waiting with eagerness for safe and profitable investments, coupled with the universal desire to aid our large and ever-increasing army of well-born, well-edu-

cated, but impecunious females, we think that a bargain between the New Zealand government and the promoters of tea and silk farming in the colony need not be very difficult to arrange.

CHAPTERS IN REAL LIFE.

REAPING AS WE SOW.

We are told that our sins find us out; and equally true it is, though perhaps not so evident, that acts of virtue and kindness do at times meet with their reward. There are few who cannot call to mind among our acquaintances, examples illustrative of both these truisms. The former abound in the world, and every day come sadly within our experience. But the brighter side of the subject, of which an illustration or two are about to be given, is that which is most pleasant to dwell on.

A kinder-hearted and more genial person than Mrs Waddell it would have been hard to find. She possessed in an extraordinary degree the faculty of making every one happy with whom she came in contact. A thousand little kind and gracious ways, peculiar to herself, she had—small attentions, pleasant words, encouraging smiles, friendly sympathy. And these seemed to radiate from her like sunshine, diffusing a sense of comfort and well-being on all within her reach. A favourite theory of hers was, that if people would repeat to the parties commended the praises they hear of them—as they are prone too often to whisper the blame—how much the world would be the happier for it. ‘Why not goodwill-makers as well as mischief-makers?’ she would say; ‘and why, when we hear a person or thing admired, do we hush it up from the very one to whom it would give most pleasure?’ illustrating her meaning by the case of a young bride she chanced to meet once at a dinner-party.

The newly married lady was very young and painfully timid; and all in the company were strangers. As long as her husband was in the same room with her, even though she could not see him—far down the table—there was a feeling of protection and safety. But when the ladies rose to leave the dining-room, and the long line of matrons and dowagers filed out in formidable array, her heart sank, and she turned a yearning look of despair upon her only friend, as she was leaving him behind. The hostess, pitying the shy, trembling child-bride, carried her off to show her the flowers in an adjoining conservatory; and she had no sooner left the drawing-room, than remarks upon her appearance broke out among the guests. ‘How pretty she is!’—‘But so terribly shy!’—‘So exquisitely dressed!’ Her gown fits as if—as the saying is—she had been melted and poured into it.’—‘And did any one remark that lace? Old rose point, I should say, or perhaps point d’Alençon. I must get near, and have a good look. Enough to make one break the Tenth Commandment.’—‘Such a quantity, too; she must have had grandmothers. I do adore old lace, and’—‘Hush, hush! Here they come back;’ and instantly the conversation was turned.

If the speakers had suddenly stepped on burning coal, they could not have started away from it more quickly than they did from the subject

under discussion. One guest became all at once interested in her neighbour's bouquet; another developed a violent anxiety about some one's cold. Anything for a change.

But now Mrs Waddell, true to her goodwill-making doctrine, came to the front. 'Do you know,' she said, with her kind winning smile to the young bride, who was timidly subsiding into a corner—'do you know we have all been talking of you while you were away? admiring your pretty dress and that superb old lace. You must let us examine it; and tell us all about it, will you not?'

The girl crimsoned with pleasure. 'I am so glad you like it. The lace was my mother's wedding-gift to me. It has been in her family for many generations, and she valued it most highly.'

And then followed more discourse, beginning with old lace for text; inasmuch that when the young husband appeared in the drawing-room, instead of finding his little wife abashed, as he expected, she was chatting away on the friendliest terms with those about her.

The charity that never faileth seemed to spring by nature—a spontaneous growth—in the kindly soil of Mrs Waddell's heart. A niece who resided with her, a fashionable young lady, given to exclusiveness and the proprieties, was oftentimes horrified at the shape it took. When, for instance, the lady would plunge into the roadway to pilot a blind beggar over a dangerous crossing; or would stop to pick up and console a miserable child fallen flat on its face in the mud while running a race, and left behind by its ragged companions, deaf to its outcries.

'Do, aunt, let the dirty little wretch alone! Here are all the Berkeleys driving up.'

But no. The incorrigible aunt would continue to fumble in her pocket for the penny which was to bring joy to the poor little heaving breast, and to evoke a smile, by blissful visions of sugar-stick, on the grimy face, down which tears and dirt were coursing.

Born 'in the purple,' and belonging to the upper ten thousand, Mrs Waddell's power of conferring benefits was confined to the exercise of the influence which station and personal popularity give. Her pecuniary means were but small, barely sufficing for the needs of her modest establishment; and it often cost her much contrivance and a hard strain to make ends meet. She was too sure of her position, as well as too essentially thoroughbred, to have recourse to the shams which make genteel poverty so terrible to those engaged in the weary struggle of keeping up appearances. But it was very unpleasant to be so poor. To be unable to do the same as others in her set—to forego any pleasures that cost money—to have to turn away from tempting 'bits' of Crown Derby and Capo di Monte—Mrs Waddell loved china as well as her neighbours—and above all, to be restricted in the alms-giving her generous soul would have delighted in.

One summer, when her exchequer was lower than usual, Mrs Waddell had decided to remain in town. Hotels and lodgings at the sea-side were expensive; and visits to country-houses entailing railway fares, vails to servants, and extra dress, were more than she could manage with prudence. So, having sent off her niece with a friend, she

remained behind to economise. The weather was exceptionally sultry for the time of year. The grass in the parks and squares was brown and burned up; fierce sunshine beat upon the hot pavements, and poured relentlessly down upon the heads of those whose business took them abroad in the day. In many shops, the employes behind the counter served in their shirt-sleeves. The lightest garments were adopted by all; every one languished in the sweltering heat. Attending church would have been a trial, had congregations been their usual size; but these were thinned by so many people being out of town.

It happened, however, that on a certain Sunday, the advent of a popular preacher had been announced in the chapel where Mrs Waddell had sittings; and in consequence, crowds flocked to hear him. The heat was intense, the crush and stuffiness almost unbearable. Every seat in the building occupied, every aisle crammed. Mrs Waddell, never very strong, was easily overcome by heat; so that the having her niece's place in addition to her own was a welcome relief, by giving her more breathing-room. Their sittings were the first two of the row; and during the service she became aware of an individual standing in the aisle immediately outside her. He was a fat old man, dreadfully hot, and was perspiring profusely. Benevolent though she was, our good Samaritan could not make up her mind, as she ruefully scanned his dimensions, to offer her niece's place to this person. But she felt odiously selfish. It was a reproach to her, as the prayers went on, to see him leaning up against the side of the row, in, she fancied, a feeble, helpless way. The huge crimson bandana with which he mopped his puffy face became in her eyes a signal of distress; and she imagined gout and suffering in his uneasy shiftings from one foot to another. At last, she could hold out no longer. Edging herself away as far as possible, she motioned to the man to come in; and with a grateful look he obeyed, sinking down—an obese perspiring mass of hot humanity—half suffocating the unhappy lady as he did so. Her discomfort was so intense, and the frowns of her neighbour on the other side so spiteful, at the accession of this extra heat and bulk, that a less kind-hearted person would have repented of her good deed.

But everything, disagreeable or otherwise, comes to an end and passes away at last. So did this sweltering Sunday service; so did the summer and its heat; and so did the memory of the elderly fat man and his crushing of her, from Mrs Waddell's mind. Summers and winters had arrived and departed; and now Christmas had come again. Christmas, with its often painful associations; telling, as anniversaries will, of change and vacant places, and loved ones missed and absent. Christmas, with its greedy expectants, grumbling over gifts that at any other time, and not taken as 'matters of course,' would have filled the receivers with grateful pleasure; all craving, few satisfied. Christmas, that viewed, of course, in its secular aspect alone, brings—as some one has said—joy only to children and the young. Above all, Christmas with its bills! A distracting pile of these was on the breakfast-table before poor Mrs Waddell, when her niece came into the room.

'Enough to spoil any appetite,' she said, turning

them disconsolately over. 'Here is a letter that does not look like the rest. Not a bill, evidently. I don't know the handwriting;' and she broke the seal. 'Ah, a mistake; the letter's not for me. Some lucky person has been left a fortune,' she added with a sigh; 'and this is from the lawyer to announce it. I must send it back by return of post.'

But it was not a mistake, though Mrs Waddell maintained it must be, as she did not know the testator, and had never even heard of his name. It turned out that her little service to the old gentleman—a wealthy manufacturer, who had made his own fortune, and having neither kith nor kin, had meant to leave it to a hospital—had been thus rewarded. He had learned her name and address from the card affixed to the sittings; and subsequently identified her with it by inquiries made before leaving town.

Less direct, perhaps, than the foregoing is the instance to be recorded next. It occurred in the family of a widow lady with two daughters, living in the north of England. The elder of these was a beautiful girl; her sister painfully the reverse, and whose natural shy awkwardness was increased by the harshness of a vain and worldly mother, who, while lavishing praises and love upon the beauty, looked down upon her ill-favoured offspring, and showed that she was ashamed of her. The poor girl, sensitively alive to the deficiencies of which she was so often reminded, shrank from society, and remained neglected at home, while her handsome sister was taken about to wherever she could see and be seen.

To secure for the latter a brilliant establishment such as her charms deserved, was the object of the mother's ambition; and she had not far to look; for in the immediate neighbourhood was a *parti* eligible enough to satisfy the aspirations of any parent. Very carefully did she cultivate this splendid opportunity, making her house as agreeable as possible to the young man, and throwing him and her beautiful daughter constantly together.

Sir Hugh—as, to avoid particulars, we shall call him—on his side responded readily to her overtures. The noble mansion to which, by the death of an uncle, he had just succeeded, was depressing in its loneliness; and being of a sociable and domestic turn, he enjoyed the widow lady's pleasant home circle, and soon became a constant intimate. Her hopes rose high. Already she saw her lovely child fulfil a brilliant destiny—winner of wealth, worth, and high position; herself, thrice lucky mother-in-law! the envied of competing dowagers.

The time wore on; but still he made no sign. Almost filial in his attentions to the elder woman, and friendly in the extreme to all, no word of love had passed the young man's lips. It was unaccountable! and yet he seemed unable to keep away from the house, or to resist the attractions of its cheerful home-like charm.

Meanwhile, neighbours began to talk. The names of the pair were coupled together in the county, and there were some who smilingly inquired, when they might be permitted to congratulate. The widow was sorely puzzled. She dared not ask her guest his 'intentions,' fearing to put him off altogether; but it was impossible that

things could go on as they were. A winter in Rome had some time before been vaguely in contemplation; and now it occurred to our dowager that it might be advisable to carry out the plan.

'The prospect of our leaving home will bring him to the point, if anything can,' she thought; 'in any case, our doing so will put a stop to gossip.'

So she carried off her peerless treasure—no effort having been made to appropriate it—and went to the station, attended by Sir Hugh, who was as anxious and as useful, as full of care for her and her daughters, as thoughtful to save them trouble and see to their comforts, as if he had been the *fiancé* that he was not, and that, moreover, he showed no ambition to be. The cud of disappointment was bitterly chewed during the journey to the Eternal City. It was then only friendship after all! How strange—how mortifying!

Great therefore in proportion was the mother's triumph when, after their return home, she found on her table Sir Hugh's card; and greater still when from him came a note asking for a private interview, as he wished to speak to her alone. So, then, the move had been successful—the game was won! Joy beamed in her face as she returned after the important interview, to the *salon* where she had left her girls, the youngest sitting as usual at work in her remote corner, the beauty on the sofa.

'Sir Hugh has declared himself at last—has asked me for my daughter. I knew he would,' she said; 'but I was not prepared for the splendid settlements he offers. His generosity exceeds anything I could have imagined. And now, darling, he wants to see you. Go to him, my child.'

'No, no, dear; wait. There's a mistake—a'—; and the detaining hand of the younger sister was laid timidly on her elder sister's dress.

'What do you mean?' cried the widow to her. 'Do you presume to'—, and she turned fiercely on the poor girl, but stopped dead short on seeing her face. It was quivering with emotion; lips trembling, cheek and brow flushing painfully.

'I think,' she faltered, raising a frightened and deprecating look to her angry parent—'I—I think it is me that Sir Hugh wants!'

'You! Impossible!' Then, with a burst of wrath: 'And so this is what you have been doing—carrying on underhand! You deceitful!'

'No, mother, not deceitful. Until the other evening, when he waylaid me as I was returning from church, and asked me to be his wife, I never dreamed of such a thing; and I was afraid to tell you, thinking you would be annoyed—disappointed.'

And annoyed and disappointed she was, this unnatural mother; bitterly aggrieved that her handsome favourite, the pride of her heart, should have been set aside for one so looked down upon and unloved.

The marriage, when announced, was a surprise; a nine-days' wonder, canvassed over many an evening tea-table. In those days, the five o'clock institution had not been invented.

'The girl's an oddity,' said a gossip. 'Something queer about her—is there not?'

'Not in the least,' replied a friend of the family; 'but she's extremely plain, so has always been

snubbed at home and kept out of sight; but for goodness and gentleness she is, I hear, without an equal. Not a servant in the house but worships her; and none know us better than our servants. To the poor, she is an angel; and all agree that the good fortune which has befallen her is well and richly deserved.'

OUR ROLLO.

A TRUE STORY.

A YEAR and a half ago, a friend gave me a little puppy, round as a ball, black as night, and with head and tail exactly like those of a fox, except that the tail curled up and swept round feather-wise. Indeed, a dog-breeder told me it was a thoroughbred Sioux fox. If an inordinate fancy for poultry, alive or dead, raw or cooked, is a sign of a Sioux fox, then certainly our animal was of the truest breed. The scrapes she has brought us into with our neighbours touching chickens and ducklings, are many. A bark, a cackle, a stampede of half-a-dozen children, and we are made aware that there is one more missing link in somebody's poultry-yard; and once more threats of slaughter are breathed out against our pet, mingled with a promise of 'a summons' for ourselves. A few weeks ago, Rollo became more staid, and her depredations were on a quieter, if not smaller, scale; for beyond a disinclination for plain food and a self-satisfied licking of the lips, around which feathers showed signs of her latest meal, there were no visible symptoms of bad habits.

One morning we heard our doggie crying, and when we went to see what ailed her, we found her moaning over three dead puppies. Her piteous efforts to lick them into life, her distress and sorrowful cries, touched our hearts; and it took the bravest amongst us to remove them from the poor mother and to bury them out of her sight. Now comes the strange part of my story. A little gray cat which belonged to us was, in all the pride of maternity, bringing up two kittens. We suppose that Rollo was determined to have something to love and care for, and that she was resolved not to be outdone by a paltry little gray cat. Anyhow, in the course of the morning there was a united cry of dismay from the children, and immediately eight little girls and boys ran in to tell me that 'Rol was killing a kitten.' I went to the dog's abode in the tool-house, and found her, with all the tenderness of the most loving of mothers, nursing the baby kitten. But I am sorry to say that success made the little foster-mother greedy, and that, watching her opportunity, she marched off with kit number two, leaving poor Pussy babyless. The whole of that day—and in fact ever since—the amount of exchange and barter carried on between that cat and dog is a thing to be astounded at. The way those kittens travel, carried from place to place, now in the mouth of a dog, now in that of a cat, is enough to muddle the brains of any quadruped. Sometimes you will see the two kits in Pussy's basket, but far more frequently two in Rollo's. The doggie has lately adopted the plan of carrying one kit—the favourite or first-adopted one—in her mouth, sometimes head down, sometimes tail, when she takes a walk. Then, if we call 'Puss!' she drops

number one, and scampers off to the tool-house, to see if number two is all right. Oftener than not, Pussy—most likely watching in ambush—will seize the dropped kitten, and before Rollo's return, carry it off in triumph to her basket. We await the result; the head of the house not feeling quite happy, meanwhile, at having occasionally to get up in what should be the silent watches of the night, to march to the relief of a wailing kitten left on the garden door-step, while its adopted mother rushes off to indulge in a free fight with anything that comes in her way which, to her mind, is calculated to injure her baby.

The children are never tired of watching the morsels of kittens, which, I am free to confess, have the biggest heads and the straight-up-est tails I ever saw. They wait, with what patience children can, to see whether these kittens will, when they grow up, purr or bark!

A LOVE-PROMISE.

A SUMMER EVENING SONG.

At that calm hour thou lov'st the best,
When daylight softly closes,
When birds fly, weary-winged, to rest,
And Eve shuts up the roses—

At that dear hour of Nature's hush,
When zephyr scarce is sighing,
And lingering tints of roseate blush
Are in the westward dying—

When heart to heart most warmly opes,
To loves the fondest clinging;
When memories, and fears, and hopes,
And orisons are springing—

I'll think how often, wending slow,
That happy hour hath seen us;
And breathe thy name in accents low,
Though oceans roll between us.

Ah! yes; though Time's cold tide shall flow,
Absence and distance aiding,
And try to chill what seems to glow
Too warm—too bright for fading;

At that loved hour we oft have met;
Still soft as daylight closes,
Thou'lt steal on my remembrance yet,
As dew upon the roses.

H. B.

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